THE LADY'S

# WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

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*Selected for the Lady's Miscellany.*

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## *VALERIE;*

OR,

## THE GHOST ALIVE!

*(Concluded.)*

HE said, and disappeared. I had fainted, I was unconscious of what became of me. Scarcely recovered from a long illness, I relapsed into the most dangerous state. I was continually delirious; the disease rapidly increased, and after a paroxysm of sixty hours, I experienced a sudden weakness, and expired in my mother's arms. That affectionate parent nearly followed me into the grave; my father was in despair; Heraldi lamented the loss of my fortune, but all in vain. I was folded in a shroud and carried with great pomp to the family vault, in the aisle of the cathedral; my coffin was placed on long iron bars, the stone of the vault was replaced, and I remained in the abode of death.

Wild with despair, and thinking himself my murderer, Octavian formed the project of descending into the vault, and terminating his existence in my tomb. The evening of my burial, he prevailed, through the power of money, over the sexton of the cathedral to accompany him to the church. Furnished with a dark lanthorn, they raised the stone, and descended the steps. As soon as Octavian perceived my bier, he rushed towards it, burst it open, and tearing the veil that covered me, kissed my faded lips.

O! miracle of love! Octavian's soul recalled mine; my mouth, tenderly pressed by his, breathed a sigh; he felt it, clasped me in his arms, tore me from the coffin, pressed and warmed me on his panting heart; mine awoke to life a second time; I made a slight motion; enraptured with joy, Octavian ascended the steps with his burthen, gained the church door, which the sexton opened, and flew to the house of his father, where I was put to bed, and received every possible assistance.

When I opened my eyes, they met Octavian's fixed with anxious joy upon me; his father was at his side, accompanied by a physician, who answered for my life. I cannot describe what my sensations were: I seemed to awake from a long dream; I was not conscious of my existence, but I knew Octavian; I could not speak to him, but I found pleasure in beholding

his features. Three days and three nights scarcely restored me to the use of my faculties; when at last, the rest I tasted, and the food I took, made me slowly recover my senses. My recollection returned, I remembered my mother, my marriage, the place where I had seen my lover. I was soon able to listen to Octavian, and to hear from his mouth what had happened to me. The idea of his inconstancy and marriage rushed upon my weakened imagination, and I mentioned his marriage with the daughter of General Laudhon. Octavian tho't I was delirious; the General had no daughter; Octavian had arrived from the army, he was not a colonel, nor had he passed through Vienna: but having with difficulty obtained leave of absence, uneasy at receiving no letters from me, he had hastened to Florence, bearing a letter from his General, which recommended him to the notice of the Grand Duke. He was alighting when he saw me going to church; he had followed me to the altar, and in his grief had resolved to reproach me with my perjury.

I now understood that Heraldi, in concert with my father, had invented that horrid tale, and intercepted my lover's letters. No crime in my eyes equalled the shameful means which Heraldi had too successfully employed: and I was the wife of that monster; to whom I was condemned to consecrate my days! That idea plunged me into despair, I regretted my tomb, and wished myself once more in its peaceful bosom.

"Do not fear, my dear child,' said the old Orsini; 'I come from the Grand Duke; I gave him myself the letter of our brave Laudhon, and related your history. That generous Prince takes you under his protection: he has written to the Holy Father to have your marriage broken, and I have no doubt but it will be annulled. You are dead to Heraldi, you live for Octavian, and religion and justice will know how to defend you against your tyrants. I have one favour to ask of you, which is, that no one may see you, or know our secret, before the courier's return from Rome; your peace, your happiness depends on this precaution.'

Hope returned with these words, I promised what was required of me, and swore I would follow his advice. Octavian was with me. He spoke of his love, of our marriage, and future happiness. My health was fast recovering, and in a few days all that remained of my past sufferings was a paleness, which you now perceive—dreadful remains of the tomb, which nothing has been able to alter.

At last the time grew near, and the courier was expected to return from Rome, when an extraordinary event nearly overthrew all our designs.

We were in the holy week, and I grieved in secret, not to be able to go to church in those sacred days, when penitence appeases the wrath of a forgiving God. I dared not mention to Octavian the desire of my heart, but I resolved, notwithstanding the dangers that threatened me, to fulfil so sacred a duty. I took advantage of an instant when I had been left alone, wrapped myself in a large black cloak which concealed my face, and on the Holy Thursday stole out at nine o'clock in the evening. I bent my steps towards the Cathedral, which I found crowded with people; who in profound silence, their eyes bent to the ground, prayed before the altar where the consecrated wafer was deposited. The altar was lighted with a prodigious number of wax candles, while the rest of the edifice was involved in darkness. Concealed behind a pillar, I addressed my prayers to the Saviour of the world, and entreated him to watch over her whose only hope was placed in his power and mercy.

Before I left the church, I felt a great desire of visiting the place where I had been buried; but what spectacle struck my sight! I perceived my father and my mother kneeling on my tomb; Heraldi in deep mourning stood by my father, who seemed wrapped up in meditation. My mother prayed and shed abundance of tears; I gazed on her for some time, when on a sudden I saw her lean towards me, lay her hand on the ground, and kiss the cold marble of my sepulchre, at the same time she pronounced my name. I could no more restrain my emotions; I fixed my lips on her hand, and sobbed aloud.

The veil that concealed my face was drawn aside by the motion, my mother raised her eyes, and recognised her daughter; she uttered a loud scream, called upon me, and extended her arms. My father and Heraldi knew me also; the last advanced towards me, and was going to lay his hand upon me; I was lost when love inspired me. 'Stop,' cried I, with a voice which I endeavoured to render terrible, "respect after her death the woman you deceived during her life. You alone were the cause of my death: fear the just anger of heaven, and repent!'

I said; and while Heraldi, frozen with terror, listened without daring to move, I covered my head with my vell, and walked slowly towards the church door. The crowd gave way before me, and I gained Orsini's house without having been discovered.

The next day it was publicly reported at Florence, that my ghost had appeared in the Cathedral, and had been seen by a thousand witnesses, who knew me. It was added, that having pushed my husband with my hand, my fingers had left five fiery marks on his shoulder. Others declared, that I

came to demand justice, and accuse Heraldi of murder. The people murmured against him; he was followed and insulted, stones were thrown at him, and his life was in danger.

The courier returned at last, and brought the brief from the Pope, which annulled my marriage, as contracted by fraud. The Duke sent for the old Orsini, and agreed with him upon the measures to be adopted; and the next morning I went to the palace, accompanied by Octavian and his father. The Prince received us with great affability; and when it was announced that, according to his orders, my mother, father, and Heraldi were arrived, he concealed us in a closet, whence I heard him address my father in these words:

"Strange means, Sir, have been used to marry your daughter to a man she could not love. Your repentance has avenged her wrongs, and the tears I perceive in your eyes satisfy me I have no need of reproaching you with your cruel behaviour towards her. Death has broken those fatal ties; and if by a miracle, which the people believe, your daughter enjoyed again the light of day, her marriage would be void. Here is the brief of his Holiness, which declares it so; chuse, then, Count Heraldi, either to begin a law-suit against me, or to sign a renunciation of your fraudulent rights, and depart immediately for Vienna: my protection will follow you there: and you will restore tranquillity to my capital, where your presence excites disturbance.'

Heraldi made his renunciation in the terms dictated by the Grand Duke. Then taking leave of his Imperial Highness, left Florence immediately.

'This is not all,' said the Grand Duke to my father, 'your daughter lives;' a scream from my mother interrupted him, 'you will see her again,' continued he, 'but your daughter cannot live happy unless she becomes the wife of the young Orsini. It is he who tore her from the grave; it is in his house that she is: gratitude, paternal love, Valerie's fame, compels you to consent to that marriage. If my prayer adds weight to those powerful conditions, I ask Valerie for Octavian; he deserves her; he has obtained the esteem and friendship of General Laudhon. Consent to this happy union, and I promise a regiment to your son-in-law, and will obtain for you the order of Maria Theresa.'

My father did not hesitate an instant; and my mother, bathed in tears, asked to see her darling child. I could not wait any longer, but opened the door, and rushed into my mother's arms.—The joy of my parents was as violent as their sorrow had been; they pressed me to their hearts, and loaded with caresses Octavian and his father.

We all threw ourselves at the feet of the Grand Duke, and were at a loss for words to express our gratitude. My nuptials were celebrated in his palace; and since that moment I have endeavoured to please my husband, and the venerable Orsini, who loves me as his own daughter. My father restored me to his love, and my days have glided away, embellished by friendship, love, and gratitude; and I give thanks to heaven for having withdrawn me for a short while from the world, that I might enjoy uninterrupted happiness.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

Selected for the Lady's Miscellany.

### *THE LADIES' TOILETTE;* OR, ENCYCLOPAEDIA OF BEAUTY.

*(Continued from page 200)*

### OF THE PROPENSITY OF WOMEN TO DRESS

Her elegant and delicate figure charms the eye while it awakens desire; and the bosom of this new Hebe, agitated by a sentiment that she cannot define, fills the soul with involuntary perturbation. Tell me, what art is capable of embellishing this celestial perfection? Would you cover it with gold and diamonds? Would you load it with a parasitical luxury? O, no!—every ornament would conceal a grace, would rob it of a charm. A simple and light robe, complacently accommodating itself to her ravishing form; hair, turned up with taste or flowing gracefully, a single rose—and you will behold one of those elegant and airy nymphs with which Albano has embellished his lovely compositions.

All that contributes to heighten the beauty of women, all that sets off to advantage the charms and gifts they have received from nature, lawfully belongs to them. Every thing that renders them more brilliant and more vain, every thing that leads them to substitute the advantages of rank and opulence in the place of those that nature has denied them, tends only to aggravate their defects, to cherish their self-love, to excite rivalship, and to keep alive the prejudices of the other sex, by inducing it sometimes to give the preference to faded beauty, tricked out in purple and gold; while native charms, unsophisticated by art and the embellishments of dress, languish neglected and unknown.

Some moralists have censured attention to dress; but very unjustly. It is perfectly useless to censure a propensity inherent in the nature of the fair sex, and it may even be asserted, inseparably connected with the object which nature proposed to herself; a propensity which manifested itself in the very origin of things, and which is in itself not only innocent, but praiseworthy. It is an indication

in the individuals of both sexes, of a love of order and propriety, of esteem of themselves, and respect towards others. Those who have studied the world with attention, must have remarked, that there is a constant relation between the character of a person and his dress; and hence it is extremely easy for an observer to form an opinion of persons. May we not, even among men, distinguish at once the wise man by his simple, decent exterior, equally free of puerile affectation, and cynical negligence? Is it not easy to discern him who dresses merely to please, and presents only habits in a good taste, and of an elegant form; whereas the individual, dressed to shine, seeks to obtain admiration by the extravagance of his apparel, piques himself on following the whim of the day, ridiculous or not, and on a profusion of ornaments distributed without judgment.

Thus each bears about him the stamp of his character. Is it not the same with women? Undoubtedly it is. What a picture I could here draw! But I have too good an opinion of the imagination of the ladies; they will compose this critical picture in a style far superior to what I can, and they will take much more pleasure in the occupation.

The celebrated Lavater has judiciously remarked, that those who bestow particular attention to dress, shew the same love of order, and regularity in their domestic affairs. Young persons who neglect their toilette, display in this very neglect, a want of order, a mind not adapted to the management of domestic concerns, little taste, and little amiableness. The girl who does not strive to please at fifteen, will be a disagreeable and ill-tempered woman at twenty-five. What then is it that is censurable in dress? Excess, bad taste, eagerness to follow the fashion, and the propensity to run into all extravagancies of luxury.

### OF THE CHOICE OF COLOURS.

Women ought not only to adopt such colours as suit their complexions, but they should likewise take care that these colours harmonize with each other. It is particularly by this that females of taste may be discovered; habituated to dress with propriety, they possess that delicacy of feeling, that exquisite sense, which admits nothing false —nothing discordant.

A lady who yesterday thought herself charming with a hat in an elegant taste, discovers to-day that she is no longer the same, though she has not changed her headdress. The metamorphosis astonishes her; she finds fault alternately with her hat and her figure. But, my dear Madam, neither your hat nor your figure is at all to blame; they have not changed in the least. But why did I look so well yesterday?—Yesterday, madam, the colour of your dress per-

fectly agreed with that of your hat; to-day a new dress forms a contrast so harsh, as to produce, if I may so express myself, an optical dissonance, as disagreeable to the eye as a false chord in music, is grating to the ear.

### OF PAINT.

If ever paint were to be proscribed, I should plead for an exception in favour of *rouge*, which may be rendered extremely innocent, and may be applied with such art as sometimes to give an expression to the figure which it would never have without that auxiliary. The colour of modesty has many charms; and in an age when women blush so little, ought we not to value this innocent artifice, which is capable at least of exhibiting to us the picture of modesty? We ought to be thankful to the sex, which, in the absence of estimable virtue, knows, at least, how to preserve its portrait.

### OF THE BOSOM.

A very curious remark may be made on the opinion which is formed of beauty among different nations. In countries where the women naturally have full bosoms, they have persuaded the men that this conformation is the highest degree of perfection; they have at length worked themselves into a belief of the same thing, and have employed every possible means to increase this natural *embonpoint*.—On the other hand, in countries where the female bosom is less full, beauty has been made to consist in this scantiness, which becomes more and more desirable among females, who, from coquetry, would be poor in attractions, but rich in attire.

### OF THE HANDS.

Next to the charms of a handsome figure, a woman has a right to be proud of the advantage of a fine hand, and a perfect arm. A handsome figure may be found with an ill-formed body: on the contrary, a fine hand and arm scarcely ever accompany any but a perfect whole. From a sight of the hands alone of a female, it is possible to judge to what class she belongs. Thick fingers, a large and broad hand, announce obscure birth. The hand is an implement bestowed on us by nature; this implement is employed in doing every thing; but, from a very singular property, this implement assumes a different form, according to the purpose to which we apply it. The fingers become thick and short in the labourer and mechanic; they grow flat, and remain straight in clerks confined to the counting-house; and with some they appear to become smaller; in a word, there are fingers for every condition; and the experienced observer is capable of distinguishing them. But to return to the hand of a pretty woman.—A hand loaded with jewels, is no longer a hand. Let young females, in particular, shun this useless luxury. Rings are chains, and these they

ought not yet to wear.—Among the Romans, the female youth wore no bracelets till they were betrothed.

*(To be continued.)*

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*For the Lady's Miscellany.*

## THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL DISCOVERABLE BY THE LIGHT OF REASON.

*(Concluded.)*

But man rests not contented with any definite acquirements, he presses forward with a curiosity ardent and insatiable. If we remount to the earliest antiquity, we shall discover a period when human nature was in its infancy—we shall see the origin of arts and sciences, and observe them gradually arrive at maturity of perfection. Men have been reclaimed from the wild independance of the savage state, subordination has been established, and regular governments formed. The right of exclusive property is secured, the strong can no longer trample on the weak. Codes of law have been promulgated as rules of action, and the whole force of the collected society applied for their effectual observance. The earth has been cultivated—the stubborn soil has yielded to the ploughshare, the barren wastes have been converted into fruitful plains. The toils of the hunter and the uncertain supply of the fisherman no longer distress mankind with a precarious subsistence. The wilderness—abode of howling beasts and venomous reptiles, has bowed beneath the sturdy peasant's stroke. The noxious marsh which spread pestilential vapours through the air, bearing the seeds of death in its putrid stream, has been filled up. The barren desert has changed its dreary aspect—regions of sterility and silence have witnessed the labours of the husbandman—the verdant grass has appeared, the blooming flower, the stately tree, and the sweet singing nightingale.

Man is a social being. His solitary, unaided intelligence, would but slowly rear the temple of knowledge. His inquisitive research is not bounded by the spot on which he was born, nor by adjacent climes. It extends over the earth. Who but with astonishment views the means by which he has traversed it. The immense oceans which roll their foaming billows 'twixt the East and Western worlds could not daunt his noble, enterprizing soul. From the canoe which bore the savage over the puny rivulet, to the proud ship that braves the Atlantic wave, how vast the improvement! The boisterous sea, the rending thunder, the black shades of night overcome not the daring mariner. Far distant from the hospitable shore, he rides the trackless main, without dejecting fear. From the friendly lights of heaven, the changing moon, and erring star, he learns his way. The

astronomer has viewed with telescopic eye the spacious firmament, he has called the orbs by their names, measured their velocity, and ascertained their revolutions. He has penetrated but little way into those sublime altitudes, but he has done enough to evince the power of his intellect. These are some of the achievements of man. To these he has gradually attained. He is still advancing. Mere animals never made a step in improvement. They were destined only for this lower creation. To it their capacities are adapted. This argument furnishes a twofold view. Man is infinitely superior to the beasts. His capacity incomparably greater. Can we believe that Omniscience, which does nothing in vain, would have destined two beings of such different powers to the same end. Supposing this life to terminate our existence, many of our present capacities are useless. We are capable of unbounded attainments of mind. Does not a strong presumption arise that this capacity was intended to be exercised. But we cannot exercise it to its full extent in our present state. We must therefore live to other ages when we shall be able.

The universal prevalence of this opinion gives it not indeed certainty, but a probability nearly sufficient for the conviction of a reasonable understanding. This belief has been confined to no particular spot, to no favoured nation. Not to the land of Judea, in exclusion of the gentile—not to the Grecians and Romans, in exclusion of the Barbarian world, but it has been oriental and occidental, it has been northern as well as southern. What is universally believed, we may conclude is natural, is deeply fixed in the human heart. It must therefore have been originally implanted. The western Indians expected to survive the grave. So confident were they of this, that at the death of a great warrior, they buried with him arms and other articles which they imagined he would want in another world. This indicates a rude state of society, but indisputably proves their conviction that he was not going into non-existence, but another life. The pleasures of that life they supposed consisted in the same enjoyments which they had experienced in this, without any of its distresses. In their Elysium delicious food was to be procured without the toils of the chace, the forests were filled with game, and the rivers swarmed with fish. All sensual pleasures were to be enjoyed without fatigue of acquirement, or satiety of fruition. Their Elysian fields flourished in perennial green, their sky was forever unclouded and serene, in them the inclement storm, and inhospitable winter was not known. Were the contrary opinion to be impressed on the mind, it is much to be doubted whether any thing elevated or noble would have ever been exhibited on the globe. Were men to believe that at their departure

hence they were to fall into an everlasting slumber, their great excitement to honor and to fame would be taken away. A Cyrus had never vanquished the empire of Persia, a Columbus have discovered the western continent, or an Alexander conquered the world. The innumerable productions of human genius had never existed. A Homer, a Virgil, or a Milton, had never sung their incomparable verse.

HENRY LUMEN.

*New-York, Feb.* 1, 1808.

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To the Ed. of the Lady's Miscellany.

Sir,

I transcribed the following for publication in the Lady's Miscellany. Please to give it a place, and you will oblige yours, &c. AMANDA.

## *FATHER AND SON.*

### An Eastern Moral.

ABDALLAH, born in the extreme of poverty, scarcely, by the most assiduous labour, could earn sufficient for his own, and aged father's subsistence. This did not prevent him from marrying the young and lovely ISMENA. To her he confided the care of his parent, and the humble habitation in which they resided. After the fatigues of the day, he returned with the setting sun to his cot, and spending a happy evening in the bosom of his family, divided with them the produce of his toils. Ismena presented him with a son. In the midst of the joy occasioned by his birth, Abdallah reflected on the poverty to which this infant was heir. He had hitherto never known what it was to be discontented; nor even then would he have murmured against his fortune, but that he wished his child a happier lot. He perceived it was necessary to acquire some portion of independence, but with his small earnings, how could independence be purchased?

Whilst he was employed with these ideas, his mind reverted to his father, enfeebled by age, and rendered incapable of contributing to his own support; for the first time, he regarded him as an incumbrance, and conceived that he alone prevented him from acquiring riches. He now only saw in him an infirm and troublesome old man, continually complaining, and exacting the most tiresome attentions. He no longer remembered that he had a right to exact them.

The munificence and humanity of the Sultans of the East had founded public asylums for indigent old age. The riches of these hospitable buildings were converted to every other purpose but the relief of the poor. Avarice had applied to its own uses the treasures destined for the support of the charity. The unfortunate beings who were obliged to seek refuge in these abodes of misery, entered them trembling, and fearful of meeting treatment which would abridge their melancholy days.

Abdallah, who had never seen these retreats without shuddering, now recollected that they were open to his father. Eager to be discharged from the expence and trouble, and vexed at some of the caprices which generally accompany age and infirmities, he announced to him that they must separate.

The old man sighed without replying, he was too feeble to walk. Abdallah took him on his shoulders, and proceeded towards the hospital. The road being long and broken, he was obliged to rest, and, having deposited his burthen in the corner of a street, he sat down to take breath.

From the very moment he departed from the house, the old man groaned most piteously, and shed abundance of tears. Suddenly he ceased, and appeared, during some moments, lost in the most profound meditation. In a short time he leaned towards his son, and embracing him, said, "I pardon thee, my son, I have merited this treatment. I receive it as a chastisement from heaven. The Almighty prophet sees into our hearts, and our most secret movements are known to him. He keeps an exact register of all our actions, and, in time, either recompenses or punishes them. It is now forty-five years, my child, since I conducted your grand-father into this VERY asylum to which you are now conveying me. I have been ungrateful, you have become so, and perhaps your son will be the same. We have both learned, and propagated the same lesson, and the effects of it will be visited upon us by the retributive justice of heaven in the inhumanity of our children. What I have been to my father, thou hast been to thine, and so will thy son be to thee. Heaven is just, let us not murmur at its will."

Abdallah heard him with astonishment, a ray of hope flashed across his soul; he made no reply, but placing the old man on his back, returned with him to his house. The project he had formed filled him with horror, and he testified his repentance ever after, by redoubled care and tenderness.

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## THE ADVANTAGES OF LONDON.

*By Dr. Johnson.*

*Collected from his Works, and from His Life, by James Boswell.*

LONDON comprehends the whole of human life in all its variety, the contemplation of which is inexhaustible.

There is more learning and science within the circumference of ten miles from where we now sit, [Temple-bar] than in all the rest of the kingdom. The only disadvantage is the great distance people live from one another, but that is occasioned by the largeness of it, which is the cause of all the other advantages.

The influence of London is now extended every where, and from all manner of communication being opened, there shortly will be no remains of the ancient simplicity, or places of cheap retreat to be found.

A man stores his mind better in London than any where else; in remote, obscure, uniform, and insipid situations, a man's body may be feasted, but his mind is starved, and his faculties are apt to degenerate, from want of exercise and competition.

No place cures a man's vanity or arrogance so well as London; for as no man is either good or great *per se*, but as compared with others not so good or great, he is sure to find there many his equals, and some his superiors.

A man is less in danger of falling indiscreetly in love in London than any where else, for there the difficulty of deciding between the conflicting pretensions of a vast variety of objects, keeps him safe.

There is no place where economy can be so well practised as in London. More can be had there for the money, even by ladies, than any where else. You cannot play tricks with your fortune in a small place; you must make an uniform appearance. Here a lady may have well furnished apartments, and elegant dress, without any meat in her kitchen.

By those, who from sagacity, attention, and experience, have learnt the full advantage of London, its pre-eminence over every other place, not only for variety of enjoyment, but for comfort, will be felt with a philosophical exultation. The freedom from remark and petty censure, with which life may be passed there, is a circumstance which a man who knows the teasing restraint of a narrow circle, must relish highly.

In London (Mr. Burke said) a man may live in splendid society at one time, and in frugal retirement another, without animadversion. There, and there alone, a man's house is his castle, in which he can be in perfect safety from intrusion whenever he pleases. In the country a man may starve his understanding for want of conversation, and perish in a state of mental inferiority.

A man used to London, when he retires to country friendships, and rural sports, must either be contented to turn baby again, and play with the rattle, or he will pine away like a great fish in a little pond, and die for want of his usual food.

In London, if there is not much happiness, there is at least such a diversity of good and evil, that slight vexations do not fix upon the heart, and relief is afforded to the melancholy mind.

If you wish to have a just notion of the magnitude of this city, you

must not be satisfied with seeing its great streets and squares, but must survey the innumerable little lanes and courts. It is not in the shewy evolutions of buildings, but in the multiplicity of human habitations which are crowded together, that the wonderful immensity of London consists.

The chief advantage of London is, that a man is (as Mr. Meynell well expressed it) always *so near his burrow.* If a man walks out in the country, there is nobody to keep him from walking in again.

If I was a lover of solitude, (Mr. Henry Broke said) if I wished to be the most recluse of all Anchorites, who bid adieu to the commerce of mankind, I would chuse London for my cell. It is in such a city alone, that a man may keep wholly unknown and unnoticed. He is there as a hail-stone amidst a great shower, he jumps and bustles about a while, then lies snug among his fellows, without being any more observed, than if he were not upon earth, till he melts away, and vanishes with the rest of his fraternity.

There is a long letter extant, dated Sept. 30, 1638, from Descartes, who had retired to Amsterdam, to Balzac, in which he invites him to come and reside there, as no perfect solitude is to be found out of a capital, where one's whole life may be passed in obscurity. The translation of this letter is in "Seward's Anecdotes."

A French philosopher (Mercier) writes as follows on Paris:

The man of letters seeks the charms of the capital; that is the real, great, and constant, advantage to which he incessantly tends; he there is in the proper element of thinking. He is only at his ease in that philosophical atmosphere, where all his ideas, whether grave, pleasant, or majestic, mix without clashing; he, as it were, renovates his soul among the variety he there meets with; elsewhere the tone, the simplicity, and the fertility of manners are not similar: the man of letters, in remote country situations, neither understands, nor is understood; he is reduced to listen without being able to comprehend.

But the inappretiable advantage of Paris is, that there all the petty tyrannies of the country are lost and annihilated. Only in that capital one may be poor without being despised. The public gaiety diverts the melancholy man, and the feeble finds himself fortified by the strength of the multitude.

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*AIR.*

BY A CAMERIAN INDIAN.

When shall we three meet again?
When shall we three meet again?
Oft shall glowing hope expire,
Oft shall death and sorrow reign
Ere we three shall meet again!

Tho' in distant lands we sigh,
Parch'd beneath a hostile sky,

Tho' the deep between us rolls,
Friendship shall unite our souls;
Still in Fancy's rich domain
Oft shall we three meet again.

When around this youthful pine
Moss shall creep and ivy twine,
When our burnish'd locks are grey,
Thinn'd by many a toil-spent day;
May this long-liv'd bower remain,
Here may we three meet again.

When the dreams of life are fled,
When its wasted lamp is dead.
When in cold oblivion's shade
Beauty, Power, and Fame are laid,
Where immortal spirits reign,
Then may we three meet again.

## FINE ARTS.

### WOOD'S MINATURE OF COOPER.

Mr. Wood, a distinguished artist of New-York, has painted a minature of Mr Cooper. The expression of the face is astonishingly fine: it is one of Cooper's most animated looks; somewhat stern; the mouth half open, the teeth clenched, the brow knit; the head askance and inclining back, with the neck uncovered.

This splendid effort alone entitles its author to immortality. In saying this, we speak not solely our own opinion: we echo the sentiments of persons of taste and connoisseurs.

The value of SUCH A PICTURE of this GREAT ACTOR, cannot at this time be duly estimated. That voice of eloquence must be mute, that form must crumble into dust, before this picture can be valued as it deserves to be. Then, like Hogarth's Garrick, it will remain, a living memorial of the actor, and an illustrious monument of the painter's art. *Pastime.*

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CASELLI, the celebrated Neapolitan astronomer, accounts, in a manner perfectly new, for the extraordinary heat of the past summer, which continued so intense in Europe throughout the whole of September. He ascribes it to the extreme purity of the face of the Sun, which last yearwas turned toward the earth. For near two months he observed none of the spots which are commonly perceived in it. Hence Mr. Caselli concludes, that the sun's rays having been emitted in greater abundance and with less interruption, produced that violent degree of heat, which, though it scorched the fields, nevertheless increased their fertility.

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"Fashion is the child of vanity and love." Thus says the celebrated Montaigne: when it springs from the desire of decorating the person with modest ornaments, and rendering it amiable in the eyes of man, it is praise worthy; and then it is the true offspring of love. When its object is to feed conceit, and to administer to pride, to *purvey* for coquetry, and cherish self-love, it is the child of vanity.

MARRIED,

*On Saturday evening last, by the rev. Dr Miller, capt. A. W. Long, a native of Cork, Ireland, to Mrs. Charity Shaw, of this city.*

*On Wednesday evening, the 27th ult. by the rev. Dr. M Knight, Mr. Effingham Lawrence, of Flushing, L. Island, to Miss Ann Townsend, daughter of Solomon Townsend, esq. of this city.*

*On Monday evening, by the rev. Dr. Milledoler, Mr. Joseph M. Marsh, merchant, to Miss Dorcas Berrian, daughter of James Berrian, merchant, all of this city.*

*On Sunday evening last, by the rev. Mr. Parkinson, Mr. George Mason, to Miss Elizabeth King.*

*On Thursday evening, by the rev. Dr. M'Knight, Mr. Joseph Giraud, to Miss Abigail West, both of this city.*

*At Brunswick, N. J. on Saturday by the rev. Mr. Clark, Mr. Henry Minugh, of this city, to Miss Mary Dunham, eldest daughter of Mr. J. Dunham, of that place.*

*On Saturday the 9th ult. by the rev. Mr. Bennet, of Middletown, Mr. Jacob S. Stout, to Miss Catharine Schenck, of Sandy-Hook.*

*At Kinderhook, on Wednesday evening, the 27th ult. by the rev. Mr. Sickles, Mr. Augustus Wynkoop, merchant of this city, to Miss Ann Maria Silvester, daughter of Judge Slater, of that place.*

——.....all that live must die,
Passing thro' nature to eternity.

DIED,

*On Thursday the 29th ult. Mr. Joseph Blackwell, in the 64th year of his age.*

*On Tuesday evening, of a lingering illness, Mrs Rachel Bennet, wife of Thomas Bennet, pilot, of this city, in the 28th year of her age.*

*On Tuesday, Mrs. E. Wilson, relict of the late Robert Wilson, merchant of this city.*

*On Sunday, Mrs. Toole, wife of Mr. Thomas Toole, of this city.*

*On the 7th ult. of a lingering illness, in the 53d year of his age, James Barry, Esq. consul general from the Prince Regent of Portugal, to the Eastern States.*

*On Saturday last, in the 46th year of her age, Mrs. Sarah Millar, widow of the late rev. Dr. Millar.*

*At Washington, Ezra Darby, esq. member of the House of Representatives of the United States.*

TERMS OF THIS MISCELLANY.

To city subscribers two dollars per annum.....payable *one in advance.*

Those who reside out of the city to pay one year's advance at the time of subscribing.

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# POETRY.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

## *LOVE.*

Love seem'd at first the mildest guest,
So unassuming every way;
I gave him welcome to my breast,
And wish'd him ever there to stay.

But soon, alas! I found that he,
(Insinuating, arrant knave!)
For all my goodness made of me
The most humiliating slave.

In vain I wish in peace to live;
In vain for comfort I implore;
No peace, no comfort will he give,
I find he plagues me more and more.

Tho' from his power I've no respite,
I like the little artful elf;
Tho' he torments me day and night,
I love him as I love myself.

Then, since his fetters are so strong,
'Tis vain, 'tis fruitless to complain;
For, if my punishment be long,
'Tis but at worst a *pleasing pain.*

C.

*New-York, Feb.* 1—1808.

.....

*For the Lady's Miscellany.*

.....

SONG.

## The Soldier's Departure.

Whilst the trumpet that distantly sounds its alarms,
Calls the brave to the field, shall I not then express
For your loss, O my love, from Eliza's fond arms,
All my grief and my anguish? O yes, my love, yes.

My tears and my sighs do but faintly contribute,
To declare all the love which for you I possess;
Shall I not then these tender emotions exhibit
And lament your departure? O yes, my love, yes.

Must we part then so soon, now farewell! now adieu!
May providence the patriot's intentions now bless;
And give victory, honour, and glory to you,
And protect you my Henry, O yes, my love, yes.

But I fear, O my love, whilst in danger you fly,
By the sword or the bullet you'll fall in distress:
O sad thought to reflect that I should not be nigh!
But I'll hope for the best then, O yes, my love, yes.

Have you gone then my love, my best wishes attend you!
Ah! I see with ardour now onward you press:
Fast you haste from my view; but may fortune befriend you,
And return you in safety, O yes, my love, yes.

For the flame of affection, so plainly discover'd
To encrease in my bosom, I ne'er will repress:
Tho' you're absent my love, it shall never be smother'd,
But shall grow till death parts us, O yes, my love, yes.

C.

*New-York, Feb.* 1—1808.